COMFORTING. GRATEFUL. EPPS'S COCOA. JAMES EPPS & CO. HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

Vol. IV.—No. 155. MANCHESTER, Saturday, JULY 29th. Price One Penny.

BY APPOINTMENT.

WEDDING CAKES.—Messrs. PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Special Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to direct attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWROOM. Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights ready for inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths, and Bridecake Ornaments.

Contractors for Wedding Breakfasts, Dinners, Ball Suppers, &c.—Menu and Price List forwarded.

For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epergnes, Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Tables, Rout Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything required for entertainments.

19, ST. MARY'S GATE, EXCHANGE.

JAMES THORNTON, Jun., WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT, 108, STOCKPORT ROAD (Opposite Shakespere-street), having recently commenced business on his own account respectfully solicits the support of his neighbourhood. For many years connected with a leading family house in the county, of over one hundred years' standing, and **buying everything direct from the producer**, he is in a position to enter into an honourable competition with the leading houses in town.

If, therefore, the neighbouring gentry would kindly favour him with one trial, he trusts they will never have occasion to regret the encouragement thus given to a young beginner.

SPECIALITIES.

Finest Imported Marsala.....20s. per doz.
Dinner Wine, guaranteed a pure Sherry ..30s. per doz.
Irish and Scotch Whiskies.....18s. and 21s. per gal.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

ROWE
(Late CARTER),
FISHMONGER, &c.,
REMOVED TO
21, SMITHY DOOR,
BEHIND FRUIT MARKET,
VICTORIA STREET.

TO BUILDERS, &c.—ENAMELLED SLATE CHIMNEY PIECES, &c. The best and cheapest house in the trade. Works of Art Executed. Gas Cooking and Heating Apparatus on the newest principles. W. E. SABIN, 21, BRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER.

N.B.—Price Lists on Application.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c.

THE DINNER SHERRY,
24s. PER DOZEN.

The reputation we have gained for this excellent Dinner Wine we endeavour to maintain by the utmost care in selection. Inspection invited.

Price list of Sherries and other Wines free by post.

COGNAC BRANDY,
FOR FRUIT PRESERVING.
36s. PER DOZEN.
18s. PER GALLON.
3s. PER BOTTLE.

This is pure young Cognac Brandy, and is equally as good for Preserving Fruit and Cooking as the dearer and older qualities.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool.

CUFF'S ("THOMPSTONE'S")
SODA WATER. | POTASS WATER.
SELTZER WATER. | LEMONADE.
GINGERADE, &c.

Cuff's (Thompstone's) Waters, being all carefully prepared of the purest ingredients, will be found reliable and decidedly superior beverages.

J. H. CUFF (late Thompstone),
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Established 1801.

THE
GLOBE PARCEL EXPRESS,
REMOVED TO 31, MOSLEY STREET.

PARCELS AND PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY TO ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

GOODS AND PARCELS FORWARDED PER MAIL AND OTHER STEAMERS OR SAILING VESSELS TO INDIA, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND ALL OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD.

WENHAM LAKE ICE Delivered by our carts in the city and suburbs, or packed and forwarded by Rail, without waste.

REFRIGERATORS, or ICE SAFES, of the best construction, made under our immediate superintendence. ICE CREAM MACHINES, and everything connected with the Ice Trade.

The delicate nature of ice renders it so liable to absorb gases, especially fish taint, that we sell ice only, and the public may rely upon its purity.

Hotels, &c., supplied on the most reasonable terms.

Address—WHITFORD & CO., VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER; or 28, Exchange Street, E., Liverpool, Inventors of the Whirling Freezer to make ice anywhere in fifteen minutes.

Now ready, Price Sixpence. Sewed.

LECTURE ON THE BIBLE, delivered at the Memorial Hall, Manchester, June 13th, by the Rev. CHARLES VOYSEY, B.A., late Vicar of Healaugh.

TRUBNER & Co., Paternoster Row, London.
Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 & 143, Deansgate.

TEETH! TEETH!! TEETH!!!

G. W. PRATT, DENTIST, *Extracts Teeth Without Pain* under the *harmless* influence of NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

Artificial Teeth on the most *improved* principle with every comfort, combined with *utility, natural appearance* and very *moderate charges*.

Teeth Sealed and Stopped. Children's Teeth regulated. Full inquiry invited.

49, CAVENDISH STREET,
NEAR ALL SAINTS
(Corner of Higher Cambridge Street).

ESTABLISHED 110 YEARS.
KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES,
18 Carat Gold Hall Marked Chains, 5 Guineas per ounce, Weight and Fashion included.
70, DEANSGATE.

Pure Port Wine, Bottled in Oporto, and Shipped by A. B. CASSELS guaranteed REALLY PURE, and possessing all the characteristics desired by *connoisseurs*, in cases of 1, 2, or 3 dozen; also in Quarte Casks and Octaves.—J. F. MOONEY, SOLE AGENT, 34, DEANSGATE, near the Royal Exchange.—*Sample Bottles may be had.*

**A. LAFOSSE, ART PHOTOGRAPHER.** Vignettes.
Carte-de-Visite and other Portraits. 32, VICTORIA STREET.



EUROPEAN SEWING MACHINES
From 6½ GUINEAS. Sews around Cuffs by means of an Arm, and Puts Sleeves in. AGENTS WANTED. 138, PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER.

PRESENTS FOR OWEN'S ALL OCCASIONS

Workboxes, Desks, Musical Albums, Purses, Satchels, Inkstands, Dressing Cases, and every variety of Fancy Articles, from 1s. to £20

PRIZE MEDAL CROQUET,

Jaques's celebrated make, in box complete, with laws of game, 15s., 18s., 21s., 25s., to £5. Archery, Cricket, Footballs, and all out-door games.

OWEN'S, 1, OLDHAM STREET,
and at 80, DEANSGATE.
Illustrated Book of Prices Free.

PERAMBULATORS, 15s. 6d. to 126s.

INVALID CARRIAGES, Sale or Hire.

BEFORE purchasing a Perambulator, inspect the NEW PATENT Single or Double one, the MOST USEFUL INVENTION of its class ever introduced. See opinions of the PRESS.

OWEN'S
New and Extensive SHOWROOMS, 15, PICCADILLY,
Opposite Mosley-street.
Illustrated Book of Prices Free.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless — Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.— WILLIAM MATHER 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.
CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

Head Offices, 95, Bridge Street, Manchester.

Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

MADLLE. BEATRICE'S
LONDON "FROU-FROU" COMPANY
FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 31, at 7,
FROU-FROU; OR, FASHION AND PASSION,
As played by special command before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and as produced at the St. James's Theatre, London.

| | |
|---|---|
| Brigard (the Original Brigard in England) | Mr. HORACE WIGAN. |
| Henry de Sartorys (the Original Sartorys in England) | Mr. H. SINCLAIR. |
| Count Paul de Valreas | Mr. FRANK HARVEY. |
| Baron de Cambri | Mr. T. N. WENMAN. |
| Pitou, a Prompter (the Original Pitou in England) | Mr. H. ANDREWS. |
| George de Sartorys, a child four years old | Miss PRICE. |
| Jean | Mr. H. BENNETT. |
| Gilberte (the Original "Frou-Frou" in England) | Mdlle. BEATRICE. |
| Louise | Miss SOPHIE YOUNG. |
| Baroness de Cambri (the Original Baroness in England) | Miss LOTTIE MORETON. |
| Pauline (the Original Pauline in England) | Miss HILDA TEMPLE. |
| Governess | Mrs. PARKER. |

To Conclude with the elegant Comedietta,
A CUP OF TEA.
Box Office open daily from 11 till 2.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
TO-NIGHT (Saturday), at Half-past Seven,
LAST NIGHT of the Successful, New, and Original Comic Opera,
PUNCHINELLO.
The Libretto by H. FARNIE, the Music by W. C. LEVEY, in which Mr. FREDERICK SULLIVAN, Mr. BEVERLEY, Mr. RICHARD TEMPLE, Miss EMMETT, and Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR will sustain the principal parts.
And the Celebrated Triumviretta,
COX AND BOX; OR THE LONG LOST BROTHERS.
Adapted for the Lyric Stage from Morton's Farce of "Box and Cox," by F. C. BURNAND. The Music by ARTHUR F. SULLIVAN.
The whole supported by a powerful Chorus and augmented Orchestra. Prices of admission as usual. Box Office open daily from 11 to 2.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
On MONDAY NEXT, July 31,
will be presented Gilbert's celebrated Romance,
THE PALACE OF TRUTH;
in which the Entire Company of the
ROYAL COURT THEATRE
will appear.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.

On Monday, JULY 31st, and during the Week. Triumphant Success and Last Six Nights of **HARRY RICKARDS**, the Leading London Comique, the only Comic Vocalist who has had the honour by Special Command to appear before Royalty. The great fame of this gentleman needs no comment.—Engagement of Messrs. **MOORE, LECLERQ, and MOORE,** in their celebrated Negro Entertainments.—Enthusiastic reception of the **RICARDO FAMILY,** Acrobats, Duettists, and Dancers, five in number.—Immense success of the sisters **GILBEE GIFFORD,** in their celebrated Musical and Protean Entertainment.—Increasing popularity of **SAM BROOKLYN,** Female Impersonator, Soprano Vocalist, Trick Violinist, and Dancer.—**Mr. and Mrs. F. EMMETT,** in their Comic Characteristic Duets.—First appearance of Mr. **W. LONGMORE,** Comic Vocalist.
Friday, August 4th, **Farewell Benefit** of **HARRY RICKARDS.**
Director of the Entertainment.. MR. THOMAS ACTON.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE
AND GARDENS,
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
The above popular and splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1¼ acre,
with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated PALACE BAND,
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs,
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY,
At Three o'clock.
Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, & LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

TEMPERANCE FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

A Cheap Excursion to LONDON (King's Cross Station) will run as under, on MONDAY, 31st July, Returning from King's Cross at 11 0 a.m. on Friday, 4th August.

| STATIONS. | Time. | | Fares to London, King's Cross, and Back. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | morn. | morn. | Cov. Car. | First Class. |
| MANCHESTER, London-rd. dp | — | 10 10 | | |
| OLDHAM, Clegg-street | — | 9 40 | | |
| STALYBRIDGE | — | 9 55 | | |
| ASHTON, Park Parade | — | 9 59 | | |
| Dukinfield | — | 10 2 | | |
| Hayfield | 8 40 | — | | |
| NEW MILLS | 8 49 | — | | |
| Marple | 8 57 | — | s. 15 | s. 25 |
| Hyde | — | 10 12 | | |
| GUIDE BRIDGE | — | 10 20 | | |
| STOCKPORT, Teviot Dale | 9 40 | — | | |
| Woodley | 9 48 | — | | |
| Godley | — | 10 30 | | |
| LONDON, King's Cross, ar. ab | 4 0 | 5 25 | | |

For particulars see Bills to be had at the Stations.
R. G. UNDERDOWN,
London Road Station, General Manager
Manchester, July, 1871

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIE RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, FILEY, BRIDLINGTON, and HARROGATE, by the new and direct route, via Barnsley, EVERY SATURDAY (commencing 22nd July) until Saturday, 23rd September inclusive, will run as under:—

| STATIONS. | Time of Starting. | Fares to Scarboro' Whitby, Filey, and Bridlington and Back. | Fares to Harrogate and back. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | a.m. | Cov. Car. | Cov. Car |
| L'pool (Brnswick St.) dep. | 10 15 | 11s. | 8s. 6d. |
| Warrington ,, | 10 56 | | |
| Manchester (M. S. & L.) ,, | 12 0 | | |
| Stalybridge ,, | 11 55 | | |
| Ashton (Park Parade) ,, | 11 59 | | |
| Oldham (Clegg Street) ,, | 11 30 | | |
| Guide Bridge ,, | 12 10 | | |
| Stockport (Tiviot Dale) ,, | 11 35 | 8s. | 6s. |
| Woodley ,, | 11 42 | | |
| New Mills ,, | 11 44 | | |
| Marple ,, | 11 27 | | |
| Newton ,, | 11 49 | | |
| Godley ,, | 11 54 | | |
| Mottram ,, | 11 59 | | |
| Dinting ,, | 12 4 | | |

Returning on the 1st or 2nd Monday, from the date of Ticket, by trains leaving BRIDLINGTON at 1-0 p.m., FILEY at 1 30 p.m., WHITBY at 1 0 p.m., SCARBOROUGH at 2 50 p.m., and HARROGATE, via Church Fenton, at 4 20 p.m.
R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, July, 1871.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

| Stations. | FARES. To Buxton. | | To Matlock. | | To Malvern. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1st Cls. | 2nd Cls. | 1st Cls. | 2nd Cls. | 1st Cls. | 2nd Cls. |
| | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| Manchester | 6 0 | 4 6 | 9 6 | 7 0 | 24 0 | 18 |
| Stockport (Tev. Dale) | 5 0 | 3 6 | 8 6 | 6 0 | 22 0 | 16 |
| Stalybridge } Guide Bridge } | 5 0 | 3 6 | 9 0 | 6 6 | 23 6 | 17 |

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road station.
JAMES ALPORT,
Derby, June, 1871. General Manager

Fragrant Tooth Wash.—FLUODENTINE, or Liquid Dentifrice. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimony. INVALUABLE TO SMOKERS. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. a Bottle.—*Prepared at* HAMPSON'S *PHARMACY*, 63, *Piccadilly.*

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

## THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

I ALMOST feel as if I were about to write a tract myself in essaying a few remarks about this functionary. But, then, the title would not be appropriate. The title ought to be quite a startling one, such as—*L O, where are you off to?* or, *O L, I'm off to brimstone!* The title is, in the tract, half the battle; and I am not sure that it is not the only portion of the missive ever perused by the majority of readers. On this account we must all have noticed the ingenuity displayed in the title. To a good tract of theology, a first-rate title is almost as essential as it is to a good tract of land. In sweeping the horizon for subjects for my studies, I should probably not have alighted on the tract distributor so early had I not been indebted to him quite recently for a very uncomfortable treatise entitled *Sudden Destruction!* and as I was, at the moment, in the hands of a railway company as an excursionist, and had got half a ticket yet to work off, the treatise of the tract distributor rather disconcerted me.

I had run down the lovely valley of the Churnet for a day in the grounds of Alton Towers, and was standing on one of the terraces in that charming ravine. The continuous shower bath to which the trees and grass plots have been subjected during this rainy summer gave them even under strong sunlight a deliciously cool aspect, and the breath of the earth was borne lovingly around us, as if our mother would make happy the children on her breast. Shining sun and fragrant flowers, and plashing fountains and whispering leaves—moving holiday figures, the sound of music, the laugh of children echoing along the garden alleys—these were things to make an old man young, and to cause even the blood of youth to course more swiftly. As for me I could have shouted for joy. I felt as if I could have got hold of one of King David's most exalted psalms, and roared it down upon the heads of the people on the lower terraces. You can have no sharer in feelings like these. A natural theology compels your soul to the Omnipotent, and sends up the adoration, let us trust, as an acceptable sacrifice. At that moment you have no eager demand either for one of the bishops or for the Rev. Charles Voysey, or for Weaver, the converted pugilist—at least I had not. Occasionally we can all of us swim without bladders. We strike out freely and spontaneously float—no effort, no mechanique. Whilst I was drinking in the scene, and whilst the scene was warming me after the fashion I have indicated, I received from a big man of downcast visage, and dejected haviour of the same, a four-page tract, entitled (57th million) *Sudden Destruction.* The tract commenced as follows:—"Unconverted friend, I am astonished at your indifference to the salvation of your soul. Have you not heard that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night?"

I turned to the end of the tract in order to find out who was the person who was bothering himself about my soul, but the gentleman's modesty, whilst it had permitted him to be quite certain that I was unconverted, had not permitted him to divulge his name. The printers of the tract were "Duncan and Jamieson, of Stirling," but I could not tax either Duncan or Jamieson with this unpleasant attack upon my privacy in Alton Gardens. When the writer of the tract addresses me and says, "I am astonished, unconverted friend, at your indifference to the salvation of your soul," I am obliged to retort by these presents, and to inquire in a formal manner, "Who are you, my converted friend, who take upon yourself to be astonished about my treatment of my soul?"

The nameless being apparently makes his tracts and then compels subjects for them. How did the big man, who dolorously dropped the pages into my hand, know that I was unconverted? My white hat could not guide him as to my soul, though it might as to the theft of a donkey—(who stole the donkey? &c.) Suppose that after a swift perusal of the opening sentences of this tract, I had called the big man back, and said, "Heigho, you, Sir, this is a mistake; it can't possibly be intended for me; give it to that young woman with red cheeks and bright eyes under the oak tree!" No doubt the big man would have been confused; but I should have served him right. The burden of this tract, which commenced in so random a fashion, was that as one of the South Sea Islands, in the year 1853, broke out into a volcano of liquid fire, and killed suddenly twenty-five persons, there was a peculiar appropriateness in using it to frighten sinners who were about to be tortured by fire for ever and ever. "One man," says the tract, "in flying, stumbled into a rent of the earth, but happily regained his footing, and the next moment flames of fire were starting up from the hole into which he fell. * * * * This terrific visitation has been the means of thoroughly arousing the inhabitants of Niua Foou to seek the salvation of their souls. Many who scoffed at hell fire as a fabulous invention formerly, now acknowledge their folly, and have fled from the wrath to come."

Now, was not this a dainty dish to set before the tourists in that happy valley at Alton, at the fête of the Railway Benevolent Institution? Why should these mountebank religionists be permitted to dog the footsteps of innocent men and women who want to have a pleasant day in the country? They are bad enough in Grosvenor Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, against lamp-posts in Victoria Street, or on Ardwick Green; but in the sweet air of Alton Towers they are utterly incongruous, and if I were Lord Shrewsbury I would turn them out of the grounds the first nuisance they committed. If souls are to be saved by pyrotechnical means, Mr. John Jennison, of Belle Vue, ought to go into holy orders at once. I saw several people who, like myself, received a tract from the big man, smile good-naturedly, crumple it up and put it in their pockets. But only fancy a nervous woman with her baby at her breast reading this; "How harrowing to our feelings to read of a sudden railway or marine catastrophe," and all this terrorism apropos of your soul. Whether rank animalism of this description does the least good in the world I should very much question. Harm it unquestionably does, over and over again, by bringing pure and undefiled religion into contempt. I don't wish to sayanything unnecessarily hard against Peter Drummond, of Stirling, who is the publisher of these tracts, price 1s. per 100, but I think if he had trafficked in walnuts at the same price, or in spirited ginger beer at the customary tariff for that article, he would have done more good to his southern fellow-countrymen. No doubt Mr. Drummond is a good Protestant and would resent any contact with anti-Christ. Yet he should remember that, in using these startling tracts, for what he calls the conversion of souls, he goes in for effects as coarse as those used by the priests of the Romish Church in the middle ages—effects which it will not be necessary to specify now, but of which cunning monks made use on the plea that the end justified the means.

I cannot help thinking that such means as those employed by this Stirling enthusiast verge upon rank blasphemy. If the Christian religion really need auxiliaries of this kind it must be

upon its last legs. The worst of it is, that these tracts, which are most of them of the raw head and bloody bones type, have their fiercest influence of terror upon those who least need them. The navvies and the boatmen and the blacksmiths care nothing at all about this incessant reiteration of fire and brimstone; and as to a Lancashire operative, unless he have been demoralized previously by a pyrotechnic parson, he absolutely laughs at the idea. But tenderer subjects, young women and young girls, and crudely constructed boys—speaking in a mental sense—are frequently terrified almost to death by these bugaboo utterances. Considering the number printed—mine was the fifty-seventh million—we have the consolation of thinking that comparatively only few are read. Indeed it would be strange if they were. The popular taste is not very good, as witness the wretched trash which we see displayed in the shop windows, but the popular taste, bad as it is, will not stand unnatural devices or a thoroughly coarse treatment of sacred subjects. The kind of divinity that doth hedge a Keble, or a Stanley, or a Fraser, must make its way into the hearts of the common folk; but how can you connect the teachings of such men with these lamentable ravings from Stirling? Try the latter upon a Hindoo or a Burman with proselytizing intent, and then pause for his reply.

## THE FERNLEY LECTURE.

WE had read of certain endowments in connection with the Church of England, by virtue of which endowments certain sermons were preached annually to a given class of people in a specified locality, and certain sums of money—greater or less according to the age of the endowment—were transferred to the pockets of the preachers. Judging by analogy, we concluded that the Fernley lecture was a Wesleyan imitation of these Anglican establishments. On inquiry, we ascertained the facts to be these. About a year ago, Mr. John Fernley, of Southport, invested a sum of money, the proceeds of which—about £100 per annum—are to be applied towards the production of an annual discourse to be delivered on the occasion of the meeting of Conference, a part of the income being given to the lecturer, who is to be appointed by the Conference, and the remaining portion being intended to defray any expenses incurred through the publication of the lecture. The donor stipulated that the two first lecturers should be chosen by himself, and, in accordance with this arrangement, he last year appointed Dr. Osborn to deliver the inaugural discourse, and for this year selected the Rev. Wm. B. Pope, the theological tutor of Didsbury College. Mr. Fernley appears to be an enthusiastic Wesleyan, if we may judge by the fact that he has recently presented to the Connexion a new chapel and school-buildings at Southport, erected at a cost of eleven thousand pounds, and that, during the sitting of the present committees, he has promised a series of buildings valued at six thousand pounds to be used as a training establishment for the daughters of Wesleyan ministers, and a sum of five thousand pounds towards the erection of a Wesleyan chapel in Rome. The same gentleman is known as the founder of the Religious Institute in Corporation Street, Manchester, and as the author of several gifts to the public of Southport.

The announcements of the lecture not having furnished any clue to its nature, our mind was occupied with speculations on the subject as we made our way to the Grosvenor Street Methodist Chapel. Would it be secular or religious, scientific or devotional? Would it be on a question interesting to Methodists alone, or to the world at large? We have always had a tendency to estimate Methodism by the exterior of its chapels, and by the character of certain shopkeepers whom, we are sorry to say, we know. Our anticipations were therefore rather of a lugubrious nature. We feared lest our experiences would be only of money and woe. Approaching the place of worship in which our doubts were to be resolved, we found the streets thickly sprinkled with black-coated individuals, of a species of which we have seen great numbers in the streets during the last few days, suggesting by the white ties which they all wore, and the somewhat baggy umbrellas which many carry, the idea of country cousins in the clerical line. There were also great numbers of old and young ladies, dressed as if they were going to church. So constant was the stream flowing from Downing Street that we were not surprised to hear some bystanders inquiring what was the matter. Entering the chapel, a most imposing spectacle was spread before us. The building is a large one, and would contain, we think, nearly two thousand people. It has a large gallery, extending round the four walls. It seemed to be quite full, gallery, body, and aisles. A large proportion of the audience consisted of members of the ministry, which fact alone imparted a peculiarity to the assembly. There were multitudes of striking faces, expressive of unwavering firmness, stern adhesion to something, a sort of hard-headed intellectuality. There was also a considerable number of laymen and ladies of what is commonly called "a superior class." Taken as a whole we confess we thought Methodism was looking well. Any idea of a decline of the system seemed out of place.

Presently strains of music proceeded from the organ; then a stout man occupied the lower box of the double-barrelled pulpit; then an apparently tall, slender man climbed into the superior cavity; and then the whispered conversations were hushed. Opening a hymn-book, the slender man—whom by this time we had discovered to be Mr. Pope—announced the number of a hymn, which hymn was sung—as, indeed, were all the hymns—with a power of lungs and a swelling enthusiasm which we have never heard equalled, save in a Methodist chapel. A short prayer followed, and elicited a deep-drawn and fervent "Amen" from the concourse. The lecturer then unfolded a manuscript and proceeded to read. He commenced by reminding his hearers of the subject of the inaugural lecture delivered twelve months ago—"The Holy Spirit." Passing from a complimentary reference to that composition, he announced the subject of his own discourse, "The Undivided Personality of Christ." It is not our intention to give here a detailed account and exposition of the lecture, of extracts from which the discourse in question consisted, nor does the space at our disposal permit us even to attempt to do so. Our readers will have an opportunity of perusing the paper themselves, and we strongly recommend them to take advantage of that opportunity. Any meagre outline would be an injustice to them and to the lecture. But we may be permitted to indicate its general character. To say that it was eloquent with true eloquence would be to say little. To say that it was philosophical would not be to say all. It was an intensely theological subject treated in an intensely theological manner; but though, doubtless, specially adapted to an audience composed principally of men well versed in the history of the Christian religion and in the various beliefs which have separated its ranks, and to men possessed of a profound knowledge of the sacred writings, it, nevertheless, had phases of thought and passages of explanation which must have proved of great interest to all who knew anything whatever of the creed which they accept or attack. The discourse was divided into two parts, the first being an examination of the nature of Christ's Personality as deduced from Biblical revelation, the lecturer saying emphatically that it was not in the New Testament alone that we must search for information, since Christ himself said, "The Scriptures testify of me." Reasoning on this basis he developed the doctrine of Christ's twofold nature yet undivided personality, summed up in the words, "*the* Christ" who was very God and very Man. In the second part of his address Mr. Pope treated of the application of his previous deductions to the Christian faith. Glancing in succession at the various theories of Christ's nature, put forth by different sects, he advanced in a masterly manner to the conclusion that the acceptance of Christ as an incarnate God would alone satisfy the wants of the human spirit and make a consistent scheme of human redemption. Either we must accept that, or reject all.

That this is the great question which is more and more becoming the one contested point in the intellectual religious world, and more and more the study of thoughtful men, there can be no doubt. The Fernley Lecturer grappled it fairly; warning his hearers of the incompatibility of our yet invented terms to express clearly a half-known mystery. Reminding them of the existence of mysteries revealed and mysteries yet unrevealed, and of the words of St. Paul—"great is the mystery of godliness," he stated the dogma clearly and unflinchingly, and expounded it in a scholarly manner. Even a sceptical mind must have at least felt that there are more things in heaven and earth than any of us

can yet understand. The exposition was as superior to the vapid vagaries of a Voysey as a defined system is to a state of intellectual haze. Mr. Pope's terms were singularly expressive and clear; his voice was low but bell-like in tone; and though his manner was quiet and subdued, he occasionally emitted flashes of fire in some pregnant sentence full of telling and refined thought. His peroration was impressive, particularly where he alluded to the fact that not the least sign of any departure from the doctrinal faith of their fathers can be discovered in the ranks of the Wesleyan ministry. To his prayer that it might ever be so another deep "Amen" burst from the assembly. We do not think we are illogical if we attribute something of the wonderful rise and influence of Methodism to this unswerving unanimity. It is at least an imposing thought, and reminds us of the line in one of their hymns—"By faith we conquer all."

## SUBURBAN GARDENS AND GARDENERS.

IT is quite possible to spend any quantity of money in the gratification of our pet tastes and pleasures. It is equally possible to procure an immense amount of satisfaction by the outlay of a very small sum, provided we furnish the taste and some part of the work. To our thinking there is little permanent enjoyment to be gained by purchasing the skill or the labour of others. We love that which we ourselves create, and we love it in the ratio in which we work for it. The man who endeavours to find an interest solely through the medium of others is never more than half pleased. This argument, which applies to all legitimate recreation, tells with peculiar force on suburban gardening. Flowers, shrubs, and trees are something like children—we love our own better than other people's. We certainly prefer those we bring up to the curled darlings of our neighbours. For the one we feel all the interest of paternity; for the other, only a doubtful sort of momentary admiration.

Large gardens, for men of moderate means, are very undesirable, not so much, perhaps, on account of the additional rent paid for the ground, as because one of two evils is sure to follow: they will either be kept in a slovenly way, or prove, if better worked, a source of expense that can be ill afforded. But it may be said the surplus can be sold. True—but at a loss. We know something of the subject of amateur greengrocers, and assure those who contemplate entering the profession that it does not pay.

The average size of town gardens is about a quarter of an acre; yet this small estate, if actively cultivated, may be a source of pleasure from the first of January to the last day of December. It is large enough for flowers, fruit, and vegetables; for a greenhouse, melon-frame, and fernery, if method be duly studied. But in order that there may be no crowding, no incongruous mixture, some care must be bestowed on the laying-out. Of course the greenhouse should be fixed on the southern or western end of the house, and communicate with one of the reception rooms. By this means a space that could scarcely be filled profitably in any other way becomes useful and ornamental in the highest degree. Then the fernery may be placed at the north or east, perhaps, like an oasis in the wilderness of gravel that so often flanks the cold side of the dwelling. Then flowers need not occupy much space, and should be marshalled in front of the house. Few but those who have devoted themselves with zeal and activity to the management of flowers know how much may be done with a small piece of ground. Yet we are no advocate for over-stocking. On the contrary, we assert that true art and taste is shown more by condition than number. Every fair thing should have room to display its beauties and develop its perfections, and, this attained, we would have no stage of decadence or decay, but replace exhausted plants with more seasonable members from our almost inexhaustible flora. These should be reared in the greenhouse, which, if well managed, will supply all that may be required for bedding out. The geometrical style of flower gardening is not to our taste. We find little pleasure in what has been felicitously termed "thunder and lightning" effects. This questionable fashion has had its day, and low masses of gorgeous colour in unbroken uniformity are happily by no means so common as they used to be. We prefer grace and sweetness to overdressed beauty.

We confess to a weakness for what is somewhat contemptuously called "the kitchen garden," and believe the useful and the beautiful, at least in nature, usually go hand in hand. Well-shaped gooseberry bushes, dwarf pears, and espalier apples, are objects pleasant to our eyes; and well-furnished walls—how rarely are they completely furnished from the ground to the coping—are interesting when in blossom, suggestive during the summer, and pleasant to all the senses when golden autumn comes. Box-edgings are our abomination. We do not possess the enlarged philanthropy that might induce us to maintain a paradise for snails. On the contrary, we are satisfied with ground cordons, and a single or double wire round the borders, and think a rich crop of pears not only more attractive but more profitable. A garden, the size of which we are speaking, might be kept in high order by having a man two days in each week, provided the owner loved his paradise sufficiently well to work in it himself. Then, what an inducement it is to early rising. Nature never looks so lovely as in the morning. She is at such times like Beauty fresh from her bath. There can be no better preparation for a successful day's work than health and content, and these inestimable blessings seem to spring spontaneously from habits of activity. When the toil and anxiety of business are over, trimming, training, pruning, tying up, and a thousand and one odd jobs to be done, rub out the hard lines drawn on heart and brain by the labours of the day, and leave the sheet fair and free for the impressions of to-morrow.

It seems indispensable that some partition, some screen, must be placed between the useful and what is called the ornamental part of the grounds. It is advisable, however, that this should be in good taste. Laurels and laurestinas frequently mount guard for this purpose, standing like weary, dusty sentinels at their post. But these shrubs look dingy and faded at the time Nature is in her gayest spring and summer attire, and seem sadly unfitted for the society of the gay things that blossom around. In our opinion the best fence is a neat wire screen, not exceeding three feet in height, with a four-inch mesh. On one side, this will serve admirably for double or single pear, apple, and plum cordons, whilst on the other it can be covered with light and elegant climbing plants. To those who desire to combine a certain amount of the *utile* with the *dulce*, we would suggest the Chasselus grape vine. In our southern counties it may be cultivated on walls or trellises with decided success. Locality will, however, decide on its rejection or adoption for the purpose which we have mentioned. The *apios tuberosa* is also well worth cultivation on account of its dense clusters of fragrant rose purple flowers. The *lycium europæum*, with its handsome white stars, succeeded by innumerable red berries, forms a valuable addition to our climbing flora; it thrives best in soils that are dry and warm. The honeysuckle affords us seven or eight species of hardy trailers, nor should plants of genuine British origin be excluded. For example, the *tamus communis*, with its heart-shaped leaves, graceful wreaths of flowers, and subsequent shining scarlet berries, is, to our thinking, a charming plant. The red briony also has manifold beauties in our eyes. Its leaves are shaped like those of the vine, and its tendrils are singularly numerous, graceful, and strong. Of our native convoli, the *convulus sepium* is the best. The densely clustered blossoms of the *vicia cracca* demand favourable notice. Of these and other kindred genera a writer, whose taste and judgment we appreciate highly, thus speaks:—"They would at once recommend themselves, if we had to seek for them on the heights of the Pyrenees or in the valley of the Amazon."

No garden is complete without good walks, and to render them hard and dry, many amateurs undergo a vast amount of trouble in draining, making foundations, and the like. But if asphalte is used nothing more can be required, for the secret of a dry foot-way lies not in a dry foundation, but in an impervious surface. Hence walks should be waterproof.

We have been wandering over "our garden," taking general observations, as the proprietor might be supposed to do when the business of the day is over and his hour of recreation has come. By an inevitable kind of sympathy we find ourselves near the wall trees. If the owner desires to obtain heavy crops of good fruit, let him attend to root pruning. Many trees which resent so determinedly the knife on their branches, offer no opposition when the instrument is applied to their roots. In place of a few large main channels we almost immediately obtain a host of tributaries. It is not the root that collects and conveys nutrition so much as the rootlets or spongioles. Moreover, the character of the food

absorbed is probably affected by the size of the absorbants. Be this as it may, it is certain that the change from sterility to fertility is coincident with the alteration we make in the form, size, and position of the roots of our wall fruit, by pruning.

We cannot, perhaps, conclude this paper more profitably than by noticing a new and successful mode of managing the apricot. Some two or three years since, Mr. Foster, the horticultural builder, of Beeston, required a shed in which to keep scaffold poles when not in use. From some cause with which we are not acquainted, the position selected rendered a tile or slate roof very objectionable. Glass was therefore employed. Having housed his poles satisfactorily, it occurred to Mr. Foster that something more might be done, he therefore wired the shed like a vinery and planted it with standard apricots. These have done so well that it seems he has accidentally discovered the very best mode of growing this delicate fruit. As a rule there are few trees that so frequently disappoint the hopes of the cultivator. In spite of care it is so apt to die by a branch at a time, that the prospect of keeping a regularly formed tree of this species is very slight. In the case of which we are speaking, the trees being protected from the frost and rains of winter, will, in all probability, be more healthy, as there is little doubt branches are generally lost from these causes. Again, the ample ventilation afforded by an open house ensures the set of the fruit, whilst the heat afforded by the glass will be sure to ripen it, and mature the wood. Those who have tasted the fruit speak highly of its flavour.

# TOWN TALK,

## AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

### THE QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

MR. MALCOLM ROSS did good service in calling attention on Monday to the inexpediency of the quarterly meetings of the body with which he has been so long and honourably connected. The attendance on Monday last amply supported Mr. Ross's statement. To insist upon a quarterly gathering of the Chamber at a stated period is mischievous in this respect—that should any special call be made upon the Chamber necessitating, or appearing to do so, a meeting of the Chamber at the instant, it is, under the present system, postponed on the plea that the quarterly assemblage does away with the said necessity. Thus, by the time the quarterly meeting next ensuing is due, the interest of the special topic has evaporated, and the whole affair falls flat. In former times we had many most interesting extraordinary gatherings of our mercantile chamber; now we never hear of them at all. The Chamber, therefore, has absolutely lost ground in its hold upon the public attention, because that is done now as a formality which was formerly taken up as a *bona fide* want. The directors have themselves to thank for this, inasmuch as upon the last occasion, when it was moved to discontinue these formal assemblages, the directors, through a mistaken sense of their own clear duties, refused to vote against the abrogation of the new system, and remained altogether neutral. Surely, if they have any duties as directors, those duties essentially include an opinion as to when the Chamber should meet. Directors should *primâ facie* direct, and should be the first to assign a fitting period for calling the members together, over and above the period assigned for the annual gathering according to the rules.

### HUGH MASON AND COTTON BUYING.

At the quarterly meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, held on Monday, Mr. Hugh Mason, the president, was scarcely so hilarious as usual. Nevertheless his optimist views are sufficiently startling, and are evidently too much for Mr. Walmsley's peace of mind. Mr. Mason's remarks about cotton buying reminds us of a standing order which a neighbour of his in days gone by used to give to his brokers in Liverpool, "Whenever cotton is at the lowest point buy me a few hundred bales!" Mr. Hugh Mason said, "There was no doubt that, by the way in which the trade had bought during the last few weeks, they had advanced the staple considerably against themselves. If instead of buying, as they had done lately, in these heavy plunges, they had bought to a moderate extent when cotton was low, the trade instead of being as it was now, comparatively profitless, would have been steady and moderately profitable." Why, the fact is that cotton was low and cheap because spinners would not and did not buy it, and if they had gone on buying, the advance which has since taken place would have occurred earlier. Spinners began to buy heavily because they took large contracts for yarns and cloth in this market. Mr. Hugh Mason is said to have bought cotton heavily when other people would not touch it, and in this he showed his sagacity. As things have turned out he was right; but he is no more infallible than other people, and we have seen large fortunes lost in cotton when middling Orleans was below 6d. per lb. Who can say what the price of cotton will be six months hence? We should not like to give an opinion on the subject.

### RARE AND SCARCE BOOKS.

Some rare and scarce books were sold in Manchester on Tuesday, at the rooms of Messrs. Hutchings and Pilcher. Ormerod's *Cheshire*, a fine copy, three volumes, brought £45; Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, two volumes, £13; J. M. W. Turner's Annual Tours for 1830, 1834, and 1839, early proofs, £3. 10s.; D. Roberts's *Holy Land* and *Egypt and Nubia*, £39; Whitaker's *History of Manchester*, 1771, £2. 5s.; Whitaker's *Craven*, tall copy, 1805, £4. 4s.; Ware and Whatton's *Foundations of Manchester*, three volumes, £3. 10s.; Scott's Waverley Novels, forty-eight volumes, and Poetical Works, twelve volumes, the original issue, £11. 15s.; Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain during the Middle Ages, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, twenty-five volumes, £6. 5s.; Pickering's edition of the Poets, fifty-two volumes, £17; Spenser's *Faërie Queen*, 1611, £2. 16s.; and the second Shakespere folio, in fine condition, printed by Robert Cotes in 1632, sold for £40. A less perfect copy was sold at Sotheby and Co.'s rooms, London, in March, 1864, for £54. 12s., which was the highest price ever given up to that time, but at the sale of Mr. George Daniels' collection in July, 1864, a copy of the 1632 folio brought no less than £148.

### THE DONKEYS AT THE LANCASHIRE SEASIDE RESORTS.

Referring to a paragraph in the *Sphinx* of July 15th, in which it was stated that an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to be told off for the special duty of protecting the interests of the donkeys of Blackpool, Southport, and Lytham, the honorary secretary of the Ladies' Committee of the Manchester Society (Mrs. B. Griffin), writes to say that an inspector has been stationed at Blackpool since the 6th of May last. This officer reports that there is in Blackpool alone plenty for him to do. He has been placed there at the request and expense of the Ladies' Committee, and will remain "until the end of the season, visiting, at intervals, other watering places on the coast." As funds will be needed for this excellent object, we have much pleasure in appending the names of the committee, any one of whom will be glad to receive subscriptions:—

Mrs. H. Philips, Crumpsall Lodge, Cheetham Hill, Treasurer.
Mrs. E. Wilkinson, Greenheys, Manchester.
Mrs. A. Wallace, Ingleside, Pendlebury.
Mrs. Berthoud, Grosvenor Terrace, Higher Broughton.
Mrs. R. Griffin, Grosvenor Terrace, Cheetham, Hon. Sec.
Miss King, 215, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
Miss Ryder, Brook House, Fallowfield.
Mrs. Fletcher, Ranxborough House, Lytham.
Miss Watson, Lansdowne Crescent, Blackpool.
Mrs. Viener, Talbot Road, Blackpool.

### LANCASHIRE'S CRICKETING VICTORY IN YORKSHIRE.

Of the many startling things in the chronicles of this season's cricket, the utter and complete defeat of Yorkshire, one of the two crack cricketing counties in England, by Lancashire, certainly does not occupy the least distinguished place. The match was an admirable illustration of the wonderful uncertainty of the game. The unpleasant recollection of the tremendous thrashing we received at the hands of Yorkshire a few weeks ago can scarcely be forgotten. Then our county fought with circumstances favourable in every respect. We had our choice of ground and of men. A week ago, in the enemy's country and with an eleven in no way stronger than before, we won an astonishingly easy victory. There were several alterations in the constitution of the Lancashire team; but none of any very great importance, except that the post of wicket keeper was entrusted to the hands of an amateur—

Jackson—who is, we think, new as a county player. But decidedly the most wonderful feature in the match was the extraordinary batting of our bowlers, Mr. Appleby and Hickton, who made between them over a hundred and fifty. It will not be soon forgotten that, in the minds of a first-class match, Mr. Appleby scored ninety-nine, and Hickton fifty-five. Yorkshire batting was of a very moderate character; only that fine old cricketer, Roger Iddison, made any important stand. The ignominy of having to "follow on" was added to the still greater one of a defeat practically, though not technically, in one innings. Yorkshire must indeed have been badly in need of the bowling of Freeman.

### THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

In your number for June 17th, and several succeeding ones, articles appeared referring to C. Voysey's lectures, and the prominent part taken in support of the lecturer by two members of the Society of Friends. It might the public should know that David Duncan, who presided at C. Voysey's second lecture, has ceased to be a member of the Society of Friends. This religious body has always upheld the Diety and atonement of Christ and the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures as fully as any professing Christians. It is on these essential points that David Duncan decidedly diverges from the faith of Friends.—I am, respectfully,

SAML. JESPER.

Macclesfield, 7th month, 19th, 1871.

### THE PUBLIC AND THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

We observe a strong tendency in and out of the newspapers to talk about "Sir Roger." Under the heading of "Sir Roger," the *City News* reported some pigeon mutilations by the claimant, and the same contempt of court is constantly perpetrated in society. This is one of the evils of the adjournment, and might have been expected, but it is curious how eager people are to thrust a title of nobility upon a man who is, according to his own account, whoever he may be, a thoroughly disreputable good-for-nothing. But the contempt of court is not all upon one side. A little while ago, the periodical called *Vanity Fair* published a discreditable caricature of the claimant, under the title "Baronet or Butcher?" If newspapers are not to be allowed to comment on a case in course of being heard, pictorial lampoons upon the parties ought not to be suffered.

### THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

This gentleman has a very bad reputation in literature, and really he seems to do his best to deserve it. It is perfectly marvellous what license is allowed him by the easy-going editors of our daily contemporaries. Expressions which from the pen of anybody else they would never so much as dream of admitting into their pages, from the pen of the London Correspondent are not only admitted but accorded a place of honour all to themselves. No personality is too gross to be dealt in by these London gentry with the sanction of their editors, and it has become high time a stop was put to their endeavours to outrival one another in offensiveness. Last Saturday, the London Correspondent of the *Examiner* commented upon "some flippant observations from that very empty and vacuous person, Sir H. Hoare," which was pretty strong; but he was utterly out-generalled by the gentleman attached to the *Courier*, who thus indulged his vituperative abilities:—"Poor Mr. Osborne Morgan, who lives in fear and trembling of a dissolution, and whose whole nature is turned into vinegar and water at the bare idea, stood at the bar and hallooed himself quite hoarse, until his cheers were more like the yelps of a frenzied cur than any human utterance." This style of criticism possibly pleases the readers of the *Courier* and *Examiner*, and may not hurt the persons criticized, but it is neither gentlemanly nor clever.

### BROUGHTON *v.* CHEETHAM BOWLERS.

In answer to several inquiries which have been put to us respecting the Bowling Match which we recorded last week, we may say that we cannot undertake to decide wagers. In our opinion, however, all bets are off, unless they were made under certain stipulations. Virtually the game was begun, because the ties were drawn, and the Broughton bowlers were prepared to play at any time during the afternoon. The captain of the Broughton Sixteen never consented to draw the match, and the greater part of the Broughton players remained on the ground until the weather cleared up. At that time there was not a single Cheetham Hill bowler left on the green. They mustered very badly to begin with, and their reluctance to put in an appearance was only equalled by their desperate haste and anxiety to leave the ground. Whether the match will be resumed on a future day we cannot say, but the Cheetham Hill Club has, for this year, lost all claim to renew the game. They had an excellent chance to win the game. This opportunity they threw away and victory remains with the Broughton Club.

## THE BENCH AND BAR AT THE ASSIZES.

### THE NISI PRIUS COURT.

THE Lord-Chief Baron Kelly, said our daily guide on Wednesday last, took his seat upon the bench at eleven o'clock and proceeded with the trial of common jury causes. People have *such* a way of putting things sometimes. He is the Lord-Chief Baron, for there is only one Chief Baron, the chief among several, of whom Baron Martin, who sits in the criminal court, is one, and he is also, Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly is a middle-sized, well-proportioned, and well-preserved old gentleman of some eighty years, as we should guess. He was called to the bar about 1820, and has had a long and lucrative practice as a barrister, in the course of which he has been Solicitor-General and Attorney-General; but, from the style of living which he thought necessary to his position, his expenditure has probably nearly equalled his income, and it is understood that he is not a wealthy man. His face seems the result of his mind and the business upon which its powers have been exercised. His features are regular and well-balanced; his eyes are small, black, and glittering; his mouth is small when in repose, and when his thin lips open the mouth widens considerably, and his words issue with an intensely distinct articulation and an almost painfully clear and cold utterance, and it sounds as if each word had been chiselled and filed down to a square edge or a sharp point before it was allowed to come out. "If ever," he seems to say, "if ever you listened attentively to anything in your life, listen now with all the powers of your being to what I am going to say to you."

While in practice at the bar, Sir Fitzroy Kelly was not distinguished in the higher walks of oratory. His nature was constitutionally too cold for that. But he was careful in setting out his facts and ingenious in his arguments, almost over-reaching himself by his own over-ingenuity. At consultation his manner was frequently chilling, and he seemed sometimes to affect an almost heartless indifference to the case, and if he cared at all, it was to know if the junior counsel present knew the particular fact or point to which the attorney was endeavouring to call his attention. But once in court with his cause, he very soon let everybody know who he was, and stuck to the case with unflinching tenacity and audacity. It has been said, indeed, that in the latter respect he has sometimes gone too far. His manner towards the other counsel associated with him was invariably courteous, at times almost deferential, but the counsel on the other side, though to be honourably treated, was his deadly foe for the time being. If the case shown on the brief was badly got up, or the papers carelessly copied, he did not fail to let the unfortunate attorney or his managing clerk, or both, know it. They were like the people on the other side—so many obstacles and impediments in the way of getting a verdict—for if any man ever worked hard for anything in this world he worked for a verdict. It has been said that the whole end and aim of the British Constitution is to get twelve men in a box. Sir Fitzroy supplemented the British Constitution by trying to keep them there until they gave him a verdict, after which they instantly became as profitless to him as sea-weed. He had the

power of speaking at very great length, with little or no fatigue, apparently, to himself, and his style of addressing the jury was so earnest, and he seemed so thoroughly convinced himself, that they could not choose but hear.

As a judge, Sir Fitzroy is decidedly an ornament to the Bench. At Nisi Prius his immense knowledge of practice enables him to restrain the prolixity of counsel, and prevent the meanderings of witnesses, and he occasionally properly interferes between counsel and witnesses, so as to check the senseless iteration of questioning that passes now-a-days for cross-examination. One judge will take a decided stand on one side almost from the beginning of a cause, do all but sneer at the counsel on the other side, and bully the jury to such an extent that they feel they daren't call their souls their own. Another, after delaying the progress of business by snapping and bickering at counsel, will be seized with a sudden fit of industry, and will take up the cause with his teeth, and, as it were, worry it out of court. The Lord Chief Baron plays no tricks of this kind. While at the Bar he conceived it to be his duty to get a verdict if he could, and now he is on the Bench he has to try causes, and he tries them properly and well, considering that to be the first thing he has to attend to, and the getting through the list the second. We have seen a judge burke an apparently long case by wheedling the counsel on each side into turning it into a special case, to be argued before a full court at Westminster, and then, with savage gusto, strike out the next half dozen on the list because the parties were not there to the minute. It is, of course, easy to get through the list by suggesting special cases, suggesting arbitrations, and other modes of knocking the cases on the head known to the dexterous and unscrupulous, but it is not the object for which a judge is maintained, nor is it justice to the suitors.

Descending from the Bench to the Bar, we must not forget those legal Siamese twins, Messrs. Harris, the Prothonotary. They seem to be jointly the Deputy of the Prothonotary, who, we believe, enjoys the best part of the considerable proceeds of the office as a sinecure. One of the twins serves out names to the jurymen, and afterwards reads the letters and documents produced as evidence in a cause, in a nervous and self-restraining manner. As he wears the wig of a barrister, and a gown like that of a stage notary or a Unitarian minister, we suppose he is the protos, or first of the two. The other makes little entries in a book every now and then; reads the cause list, which is printed specially for him on parchment, about fifteen hundred times every day, as if he were trying to get at the particulars of the causes by reading over the names of the parties very often, failing which he takes to the newspaper for some time; and then, as a natural result, tries to go to sleep.

The speech began at early morn,
And finished not by afternoon;
He wished that he had ne'er been born,
Or from there might be taken soon.
He only said it's very dreary,
I cannot sleep, he said,
Of talking will he ne'er get weary?
I would that he were dead!

Next we have the Bar, the gentlemen of the Bar. Which is leader we don't know quite—Mr. Holker probably. Mr. John Holker, Q.C., is a native of Bury, which wool-stapling town he some years since left in search of the golden fleece, and he now appears to have found it. Mr. Holker practised in Manchester for some years and rose speedily into a very good practice. He has, within the last few years, removed to London, and success has followed him there. He has, we are informed, a very good knowledge of pleading—the science of stating in a technical way in writing so much of the facts of a case as the law deigns to take notice of—has a good knowledge of commercial law—that wonderful fabric constructed by the great Lord Mansfield out of the bricks of the Roman Civil Law and the cement of the English Common Law—and a very fair acquaintance with those constantly shifting sand-banks, the rules of evidence. His training in the local courts here has served him in good stead in London, and his manner of conducting a cause at the Nisi Prius is unexceptionable. In addressing a jury he does not aim at eloquence, but only at a plain and easy style of putting the facts before the jury, assuming them to be men of common-sense and not liable to be led away by the nonsense on the other side, which would be ridiculous enough, if it were not for the inconvenience sustained by his client and the jury and so forth. Mr. Holker always gives one the notion that he could if he liked be a little jocular about the business in hand; that there is a funny side to it; and that, if that were the proper time and place, he could be amusing enough. But he reflects that after all business is business, and though he could say a vast deal more about it he won't take time up in an unnecessary manner. Mr. Holker can, however, be hard and severe upon occasions, and comes very near sometimes to being an orator.

There are some families among whom great abilities seem to abound in every member of them. Mr. Quain's family is one of these. His brother is perhaps the most distinguished surgeon of the day, and he himself has long enjoyed a very considerable share of practice at the bar. He is scarcely known here as much as his knowledge and abilities deserve, and, then, he is essentially a Londoner. If he and Mr. Holker live and have luck, they are pretty sure of a seat on the Bench, for they are of the stuff out of which judges are made.

Who doesn't know the pleasant, contented face of Mr. Higgin, Q.C., the chairman of the Salford Quarter Sessions? For years he has practised as a local counsel amongst us, and his calm, rich voice seems blandly to carry conviction to your mind, almost imperceptibly. Since he has "taken silk"—such practice is, we believe, not consistent with the etiquette of the Bar. He can only appear here at the Assizes and on arbitration cases, in which, we have reason to understand, his services are in constant request as counsel, arbitrator, or umpire. He suffers much occasionally from that gentlemanly but painful disorder—gout.

The best argument which we think the teetotallers could use would be to show Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., as a specimen of their order. His burly figure and merry face seem to inspire us at once with a kindred geniality. Mr. Pope was for some years in business in Manchester, and acquired or improved his facility of speaking in the course of his public advocacy of the principles of total abstinence. He was recommended, and wisely, to go to the Bar, and his unfailing good humour and powers of hard work soon placed him on a level with his fellows. Mr. Pope has, like Mr. Holker, removed to practise in London, where we are glad to hear he is enjoying a large practice. We don't know whether he has received a classical education, but he will, perhaps, forgive us if we quote the old distich:—

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.

The eagle Gladstone some time since swooped down on the Bar of the Northern Circuit, and bore off the wiry form of Mr. Davison, Q.C., at that time holding a heavy brief bag. Him he deposited in the office of Judge-Advocate-General, a curiously named title. Mr. Davison has since, however, been hastily summoned to another tribunal. May he rest in peace.

Serjeant Simon, another leader, is of the Hebrew "persuasion," as the *Times* will have it. He practised some years ago in Liverpool and since then in London. He sits in Parliament as member for Dewsbury—we had almost written Jewsbury—and professes advanced Liberal opinions. He has lately ceased to go this circuit.

Of the juniors, the "utter" barristers, we have not left ourselves room to say much. Those in chiefest repute in this Court are Mr. Baylis, perhaps the most learned in the law (after "My Lord") on this Circuit, Mr. R. G. Williams, Mr. Herschell, and Mr. John Edwards, formerly of this ilk, now of London. Of the other counsel who practise in the Crown Court as well as in this, we may say a few words next week.

## MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE.

### THE NEW EXCHANGE.

SINCE our last article on the architecture of Manchester appeared, one of our architects who was fast striding into fame has untimely died. Though comparatively young to die, Mr. Charlesworth has left an indestructible mark on our city architecture, and those who knew him intimately knew too how, had his life been spared, still greater works were maturing in his mind. Messrs. Speakman & Charlesworth's design for the Assize Courts at once fixed their position in the architectural world, and since then numerous designs have maintained it. Bow Chambers, in Cross Street, if not faultless in internal arrangement and detail, yet presents as chaste and pleasing an elevation as any building in the city; and, though we detest stucco, Mansfield Chambers, in St. Ann's Square, prove how unobjectionable even stucco artistically treated may be made, while for internal arrangement and elegant solidity there are no chambers in the district to compare with Mansfield Chambers. They are indeed very good and, in treatment and detail, novelties.

The two most striking architectural works now on hand are the new Exchange and the new Reform Club, and in every single particular these two buildings are the most direct antithesis of each other. The Reform Club must stand over for after criticism, as must also many new warehouses and one or two churches, while the remainder of this article shall be devoted to the Exchange. As far as public opinion is concerned the unanimous exclamation is that "the new building is a beast." In this verdict the general public is intuitively right. The new Exchange is a monstrosity without one redeeming feature, and its hideousness seems to be designed rather than accidental. It is ostentatious, it is vulgar, it is not so much solid as it is heavy, and constructively it is untruthful. Copied evidently from the old Exchange and from various architectural books and public buildings, it combines all the faults and none of the virtues. It is singular how, as a rule, plain women most bedeck their plainest features; and so with this Exchange, the worst details are most gaudily brought into prominence. The semi-circular headed windows have popinjay figures uncomfortably crowded into their segments, and the wretched, now circular, now horizontal, now acute-angled skyline has its irretrievable jumble more broken still with ornaments in the shape of impossible urns and chimneys, sham or real. There is an immense portico, and on this portico, deeply cut, appear the years in which the Exchange was built, enlarged, and rebuilt. All this is done in the same vulgar spirit which prompts Bumpkins, churchwarden, to paint his name on every conceivable spot during his year of wardenship; and before it is finished, in all probability by way of further decoration, the names of all the commonalties who have had to do with the building, the enlarging, and the re-building will also appear. Doubtless the new room will be a large one and a fine one, but size is only controlled by the ground you have at your command, and, in judging of architectural merit, such an adventitious circumstance must not for one moment be considered. Even the tiles with which the staircases are paved have been badly chosen, and the eye, instead of being calmed, is disturbed at every step by perpendicular stripes of cubes or squares in relief.

It is hard to believe that architects—so eminent in their profession as are those who have turned out this new Exchange—can have really produced such a concentration of ugliness. We disliked the original design; but it was far preferable to this their amended one. "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," so we must leave unsaid what their professional brethren say about the emendations.

MEN OF THE TIME.—Knockers-up.

## THE VOLUNTEERS ON THE RACECOURSE.

THE placards announced a Review: to have termed it a Field-day or a Brigade-drill would have been more truthful and appropriate. In mentioning the "other forces" also, the Racecourse Company's Secretary should have specified "Police," for beyond a detachment of the Salford constabulary, under the command of Captain Torrens on a very good horse, there were no other forces on the ground, nor, indeed, as far as can be ascertained, were any other forces expected. The Racecourse Company's placard, viewed by the light of actual results, reads very like a ruse, and not a creditable one either.

About two thousand men were under arms. The number was sufficient to determine the merits and the defects of our volunteers. In the first place punctuality evidently does not rank very high as a volunteer virtue, for the Third Manchester kept the whole field waiting for a considerable time. Half-past two o'clock p.m. may be a little early for all the men to assemble in town, but more than an hour's grace would have enabled the corps in question to have arrived on the ground at least a quarter of an hour earlier than they did. The next fault applied to the whole of the rank and file. Every movement was too slow. Briskness was nowhere and at no time the order of the day, and briskness, of course accompanied by efficiency, is a cardinal point in the military compass. Even the marching past was too slow, not excepting the almost faultless double. It would be far better that mistakes should occur and that some confusion should now and then arise, than that the present snail's pace method of carrying out orders should be adhered to. On Saturday, from this cause, pauses occurred which were absolutely painful. Of all the movements, perhaps the skirmishing and the diagonal marching, when the whole column received the word "half right turn," were the best executed, and the way the men worked the guns deserves the highest praise, for they never lagged, and only erred in once not ceasing firing immediately after "cease firing" was given. With unaccustomed horses it is impossible to work field guns in a satisfactory manner, and when it is borne in mind that Saturday last was the first time these men ever attempted such duty, it certainly reflects the greatest credit on their *esprit militaire*.

It was evident that many of the officers, especially the higher ones and the guides, have much to learn, notably so in the Artillery. As an example, the latter corps—garrison—were sent out in line to relieve one of the other corps who were retiring. As a matter of course, the retiring corps would have to pass through the advancing one, but the major was completely nonplussed, and not only halted his men but gave them the right-about turn, instead of merely opening his line, letting them pass through, and then re-forming and continuing his on ward march. Still it must be borne in mind that gun drill is the Artillery's forte, and on the whole their solidity rather became them. Again, the men must be taught that an order is an order, and, if a few of those who will persist in firing after the order has been verbally given to cease firing were put under arrest and so disgraced, the painful lesson would bear good fruit. Implicit obedience to orders is not a failing in which volunteers indulge.

The looks of the men were very creditable, only, without any great sacrifice on the part of some, surely they might cut their hair decently, and not so hideously mangle their beards and whiskers. Were we in command, we would insist on the new Navy rule—shave all or none—preferring the none. A little more frequent setting-up drill would be advantageous to not a few shoulders.

Due attention being given to general drill, brigade days, in which the Regulars also should take their part, cannot be too frequent. A new national holiday or two might be made for the express purpose of general drill. If these holidays were on Mondays, two days and a half continuous discipline might be obtained. We should be sorry to see volunteers, as volunteers, meddle with politics, but at the next elections let them sink politics and plump for those candidates who pledge themselves to volunteer reorganization.

A word about the Light Horse. If these magnificent gentlemen wish to cease the farcical and put on the real, they will speedily remodel themselves into Mounted Rifles. On Saturday they were accompanied by their surgeon and their assistant-surgeon, and at one time it looked as though not only the services of their own medical staff but also those of all the other surgeons on the field would be required. A charge,

in which the chargers slash most valiantly while they are among their own, and hold on to their saddles most determinedly as soon as they get amongst the enemy, amuses if it does not impress or instruct. As Mounted Rifles they might prove serviceable and would at least claim respect; as Light Horsemen they are a pretentious and useless sham.

[HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.]

## CHAPEL-LE-DALE.

TAKING the high road, a walk of one mile from Clapham brings the pedestrian to Newby. The village lies on the right, and consists of two rows of cottages separated by a wide green space, along the middle of which runs a streamlet and a few outlying farm-houses. If the traveller looks back when he has gained the upper end, he will see that each doorway is occupied by the tenants of the cottage, men and women, and little children, all curiously gazing after the strange visitor. A steep green lane, which alone can give an afternoon's enjoyment to the botanist, leads to a road running parallel to the one which has been left and winding round the hill at a higher level. Opposite the junction stands Newby Cote, which is a smaller cluster of houses and barns. The queer-looking building immediately in front, with several of the window-apertures of the upper rooms entirely devoid of glass or framework, is the dwelling place of an odd character. He is a bachelor, and a sort of hermit in his way, living alone and ministering to his own wants. His habitation may be described as an old curiosity shop. Some of the whilom bed-rooms are filled with fossils and strangely-shaped stones, picked up by the old man on the neighbouring hills; and the rest of the apartments are occupied by an extensive collection of old oak tables and cabinets, chests and chairs. The visitor will be surprised to see such a collection in such a place, but his surprise will be increased on discovering that the whole of the cupboards and chests in question are filled with rare and antique pottery ware. The dweller in this queer museum willingly conducts through his establishment any one who may express a desire to see its interior. We do not think he expects a gratuity, though he does not decline to accept one. He says that he is willing to sell all he has got; but we have never heard of anyone who has been able to make a bargain with him.

It was a fine bright morning as we passed by Newby Cote, on our way to Chapel-le-dale. The old recluse's horse was standing in the little yard, with his nose to the key-hole of the closed door, apparently waiting meekly for his breakfast. The road we were traversing leads to Ingleton, whence another road, forming, if we may so express it, an acute angle with the first, winds along the dale to Gearstones. Ingleton is four miles from Clapham, and the little chapel about the same number from Ingleton. Our purpose was to cut off the corner by crossing the lower slopes of Ingleborough. Keeping along the road, therefore, for about a mile beyond Newby Cote, we reached Bleak Bank, a farm house standing at the top end of a pasture on our right. Crossing this pasture and another behind the house, nothing but a stone wall lay between us and the open fells. This we easily surmounted by means of a stile, and guiding ourselves by the course of the valley below, we stepped briskly over the green and brown turf. A little higher up, we came upon some scars. Crossing these and keeping to the left, the dark summit of the mountain, with its long extending arms like the huge roots of a giant tree, the upper part of whose stem has been swept away by the woodman's axe, came in sight. Our route lay in a circular direction along a sort of wide shelf, the dark mass overlooking us—seeming near and yet distant, its distance being realized only through the small appearance of the sheep browsing on its sides—being the central point. At every step the startled moor-game rose flapping from the cover, while above we heard the curlew's whistle and the plover's importunate scream. The blue speedwell, the yellow pimpernel, the little potentilla, white and pink and crimson orchids bloomed around. High up we could distinguish the geological formation of the crowning hill: a layer of grit surmounted by limestone, and on the top of all another layer of grit. At every half-dozen yards or so, the ground sank into funnel-shaped hollows, with green sides, and at the bottom, perchance, some microscopic flowret of marvellous beauty. These hollows are like great goblets into which in wet weather the water trickles, sinking through the earthy bottom into the crevices and cisterns formed in the rock below. Now and again we came upon holes with steep rocky sides, down which sheep sometimes fall. A shepherd whom we encountered driving his flock up the hill-side, took us to one in which he had lost several. Since the last accident of this nature, he had cleared away the overhanging earth and vegetation from the brink, so as to enable the woolly tribe to look before they leaped. These holes are of various depths, it being possible to clamber to the bottom of some; and there being a series near, into one of which we dropped a stone, from which we heard no sound for a quarter of a minute. Those of moderate depth are singularly beautiful: the sides are scoped into various forms by dripping water, fossil shells being visible in the wet rock; every crevice is adorned with rare and luxuriant ferns, and at the bottom, maybe, upon a heap of picturesque rocks and vegetation, a large lady-fern, of brilliant green and exquisite gracefulness, reigns the queen of a bower into which perhaps no human being has ever penetrated. On a subsequent visit we collected in one of these chambers, with the help of the adventurous tenant of Bleak Bank Farm, the Alpine Shield Fern, the Mountain Buckler, the Rigid Buckler (first found on Ingleborough), the Green Spleenwort, the Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort, the Rue-leaved Spleenwort or Wall Rue, that rare little fern the Forked Spleenwort, the Hart's tongue, the Common Hard Fern and the Common Polpody, together with specimens of oftener-seen genera.

Leaving Ingleton behind us in the valley, we had now as it were turned the corner, and were fairly in Chapeldale, though high up one side of it. Across the dale we could see the stony sides of the range of hills dividing it from Kingsdale. At this point the other side of the dale is formed of a succession of rocky terraces or ledges, resembling the seats of a gigantic gallery. Continuing our walk, we soon found that we were passing along the top shelf of a corresponding series. Leaving the green turf, and approaching the edge of the terrace on which we stood, we traversed a bare, flat, white limestone surface. This surface is cracked and scooped into very remarkable fissures, every step compelling us to cross a gap a few inches in width and two or three feet in depth. The sides of these fissures are also scooped into horizontal ridges. Its appearance may be best described as suggestive of a formerly hot, cake-like series of layers which became cracked on cooling, the rents thus caused being subsequently rounded by the action of water. Though extremely interesting and novel in appearance, the necessarily irregular strides which we had to take made a lengthened walk over it very fatiguing, and we were glad to strike into a rough cart-track, which gradually descended, a little further on, through a farm-yard to the bottom of the dale.

The rocky character of the terraces described, the almost entire absence of wood, the scarcity of houses, and the steep bare sides of the enclosing hills, combine to bestow upon Chapeldale an appearance of undisturbed quiet and seclusion which is beautifully sketched in Southey's *Doctor*. The prevailing air of simplicity and peacefulness is further increased by the presence of the lonely little hamlet which, surrounded by a few stunted trees, clusters about the modest little house of prayer from which the dale is named. The tourist who seeks the wonderful and the picturesque will find plenty to occupy his attention during a short stay in the district immediately contiguous; he cannot but be especially charmed by the beauties of Weathercote and of Kingsdale Scars. For ourselves, we had seen these before, and were contented therefore, before going to lunch at the Hill Inn, by taking another look at the little chapel. Of all the churches we have seen we know none so plaintive-looking as this humble little structure. We found that "the irregular low stone wall," placed there "rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground than to inclose it," had been rebuilt and considerably heightened. Passing through the gateway to the little porch, we gathered from a notice that the ground to which the ancestors of Daniel Dove had been consigned "for so many generations, that half the soil of the church-yard consisted of their remains," was become too small, and that the Earl of Bective had promised an additional piece of land to be enclosed with it. With these exceptions, the chapel remains almost as Southey described it. It is so low that we could almost touch the roof. It has no architectural decoration, no tower or steeple; only at one end a little turret for a bell. But it possesses a nameless beauty, and a charm which is all its own.

ELIA'S GRAVE.—The grave of Charles Lamb, in Edmonton church-yard, which was in a state of discreditable neglect, has been restored.

## LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

The Public is respectfully informed that COPIES of this Company's TOURIST PROGRAMME, replete with information as to routes, fares, facilities, and conditions, for all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are now to be obtained at all the Booking Offices on the line.—By order.

Office of the Superintendent of the Line,
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

## LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Every Saturday, Monday, and Thursday, commencing on June 10, and continuing until further notice:—

To BLACKPOOL (the Brighton of the North), SOUTHPORT (the Montpelier of England), FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, and LIVERPOOL, from Manchester (Victoria Station), 7 15 a.m.; Miles Platting, 7 a.m.; Salford, 7 20 a.m.; Oldfield, Road, 7 23 a.m. Fares, returning same day, 2s 6d.; within eight days, 4s. 6d.

Every Monday and Saturday from June 10, from the same stations, and at the same times:—

To BELFAST, via Fleetwood (shortest route), DUBLIN, via Liverpool, available for 15 days, 9s.

To ISLE OF MAN, available for one month, 9s. 6d.

Also for eight days to CONISTON, GRANGE, WINDERMERE, or FURNESS ABBEY, 8s. 6d.; PENRITH, 10s.; KESWICK, 11s.

See bills for fuller particulars; also, for Excursions to the above-mentioned places, at proportionately cheap fares on the same days, from Oldham, Ashton, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, and nearly all stations on the line.

Excursion Tickets are also issued to NORTH WALES from certain stations as per handbills and posters.

Office of Superintendent of the Line, By order.
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

## GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, & LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

Cheap FIVE, EIGHT, or TWELVE DAYS' EXCURSION to LOWESTOFT, YARMOUTH, CAMBRIDGE, ELY, HUNSTANTON, NORWICH, LYNN, and WISBEACH.

On Monday, 7th August, a Special Train will run as under:—

| STATIONS. | Time. | FARE. To Hunstanton, Norwich, Yarmouth, or Lowestoft, and back. | | To Cambridge, Ely, Lynn, or Wisbeach, and back. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | a.m. | First Class. | Cov. Carr's. | First Class. | Cov. Carr's. |
| Lpool (Brnswk) dep. | 8 30 | | | | |
| Warrington | 9 4 | | | | |
| Stockport (Tiv. Dale) | 9 40 | | | | |
| Manchester | 10 10 | | | | |
| Oldham (Clegg-st.) | 9 40 | | | | |
| Stalybridge | 9 55 | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. | s. d. |
| Ashton | 9 59 | 25 6 | 15 0 | 21 0 | 11 0 |
| Macl'afi'ld (new sta.) | 9 10 | | | | |
| Bollington | 9 15 | | | | |
| New Mills | 8 49 | | | | |
| Marple | 8 57 | | | | |
| Hyde | 10 12 | | | | |
| Guide Bridge | 10 25 | | | | |

Returning on Friday 11th, Monday, 14th, or Friday, 18th August, as follows:—

| | a.m. | | a.m. |
|---|---|---|---|
| From Lowestoft at | 9 10 | From Ely..... at | 9 7 |
| ,, Yarmouth .. | 6 10 | ,, Hunstanton.. | 6 55 |
| ,, Norwich .... | 7 15 | ,, Lynn ..... | 8 50 |
| ,, Cambridge .. | 8 25 | ,, Wisbeach .... | 11 20 |

For particulars see bills, to be had at the stations.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

## MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOL, TATTON STREET, HULME.

**Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.**

**OPEN DAILY,** from Six a.m. till dusk.
Admission, 6d. each.

## VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.

BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.

Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Hock, 16s.; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

A. LEAK, Manager.

NOBLETT & CO. beg to call attention to their PERFECT FITTING BOOTS.—Every description for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.
56 and 58, RUSHOLME ROAD.

## HATS,

**THE NEWEST STYLES AND BEST VALUE,**

AT

J. MURGATROYD'S,

198, DEANSGATE,

OPPOSITE JACKSON'S ROW.

## HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

## MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.

NOTICE.

*[Read this with care and attention.]*

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

**24 PRIZE MEDALS**

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
a trial is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
no fa Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
mily Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
with Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
out SEM is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
OLINA. is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY, produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.

Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

*Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.*

CHEMISTRY.

## PRACTICAL EVENING INSTRUCTION

EVERY

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY,

From 7 till 9 o'clock.

TWELVE LESSONS, £2.

LABORATORY, 68, CORPORATION STREET.

STALEY'S AROMATIC MIXTURE, for Cholera, Diarhœa, Bowel Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, &c. Prepared from the celebrated Recipe of Dr. Trench.—Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Woolley, Market Street; or the Proprietor, JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, 311, Chester Road, Hulme.

"We find the best Dog Soap to be that made by JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, Chester Road, Manchester, called 'Lord Lurgan's Master McGrath Dog Soap.' It destroys all Insects, cures the Mange, &c." In Tablets 4d. each, from all Chemists.

## KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

NEW BOOK SHOP, 8, MARKET PLACE. THOMAS SUTCLIFFE, 12 years assistant to Mr. Kelly.

TWOPENCE in the Shilling off all New Books, 8, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.

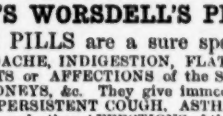
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS Promptly Supplied by T. SUTCLIFFE (12 years assistant to Mr. Kelly), 8, MARKET PLACE.

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE de la Literature Française. T. SUTCLIFFE (12 years assistant to Mr. Kelly), 8, MARKET PLACE.

VOLUNTEERS. — NOTICE. — Government Books kept in Stock by T. SUTCLIFFE, MARKET PLACE.

THOMAS SUTCLIFFE, Bookseller, (12 years assistant to Mr. Kelly), 8, MARKET PLACE, Manchester.

## WHELPTON'S




Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Weakness and Debility.—Unless the blood be kept in a pure state, the constitution must be weakened and disease supervene. These wonderful Pills possess the power of removing or neutralising all contaminations of the blood and system generally. They quietly but certainly overcome all obstructions tending to produce ill health, and institute regular action in organs that are faulty from irritation or debility. The dyspeptic, weak, and nervous may rely on these Pills as their best friends and comforters. They improve the appetite and thoroughly invigorate the digestive apparatus. Holloway's Pills have long been known to be the surest preventives of liver complaints, dreadful dropsies, spasms, colic, constipation, and many other diseases always hovering round the feeble and infirm.

## ALEX. ROSS'S CELEBRATED HAIR PREPARATIONS.

HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

## DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS

**Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES, and Are Unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.**

**7. SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS MANCHESTER.**

"LA SILENCIEUSE"
FAMILY
LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE,
From Six Guineas.
On the greatly-improved Wheeler and Wilson principle.
Manufactured by Pollach, Schmidt, and Co.
The Movement is soft, Silent, and without Vibration.
For family use without a rival.
KENDAL, MILNE, AND CO.,
DEANSGATE AND POLICE STREET, SOLE AGENTS.

"THE LITTLE WANZER"
LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE,
Price Four Guineas
This Machine, on account of its simplicity & great range of work, has been adopted by the
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EDUCATION IN IRELAND
For all the National Schools.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO., SOLE AGENTS,
DEANSGATE, POLICE ST, AND ST. ANN'S ST.

Now Ready,
JOHN HEYWOOD'S
PENNY POCKET GUIDES
TO

| | |
|---|---|
| Llandudno | Scarborough. |
| Isle of Man. | Southport and Lytham. |
| Matlock. | Blackpool and Fleetwood. |
| Giant's Causeway. | Buxton. |
| Rhyl. | Liverpool. |
| Windermere. | Manchester. |

Sold by all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,
BELLE VUE THE GRAND
ANNUAL SWIMMING GALA
will take place on
SATURDAY, THIS DAY, JULY 29, 1871.
HALF MILE RACE, twice round the large lake.
Prizes: 1st, £10; 2d, £5; 3d, £2; 4th, £1. Entry fee 10s.
QUARTER MILE RACE, or AQUATIC STEEPLECHASE,
under and over poles. Once round the lake.
Prizes: 1st, £5; 2d, £2 10s; 3d, £1; 4th, 10s. Entry fee 5s. each. The Swimmers in each race to be handicapped.

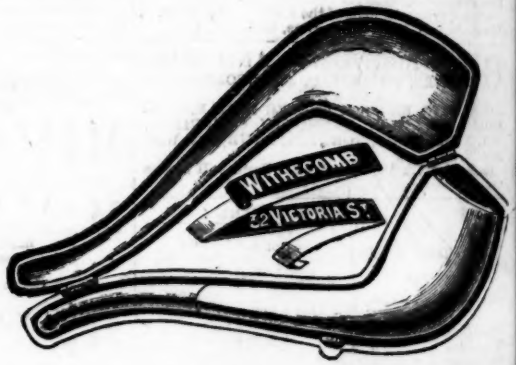
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,
BELLE VUE.
Entirely New Picture of the
CITY OF STRASBOURG,
With its Cathedral, Forts, &c.
Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday will be represented the Siege, Defence, and
FALL OF STRASBOURG,
Amidst BRILLIANT FIREWORKS.
Concluding with a Grand Allegorical Transparency, representing
PEACE WELCOMED BY EUROPE,
Arranged and Painted by Messrs. Danson & Sons, London.
Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers, New Maze, Museum, &c. BAND daily from Three p.m.
Admission 6d.; after Four on Gala Days, 1s.; Saturdays, 1s. after Five.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

BLUE BOAR HOTEL, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.—Restaurant daily from 12 to 3; DINNERS provided on the shortest notice; WINES, SPIRITS, CIGARS, &c., of the best quality.
F. BIDDOLPH, Proprietress.

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, while preserving their colours:—
SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.




Meerschaums, Meerschaums, Meerschaums,

IN EVERY SHAPE AND QUALITY.

WIDE BORE (New Pipe), Smokes Sweetly and never gets foul and stopped up.

CIGARS, SAMPLE BOXES AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

*WILLIS'S BRISTOL MIXTURE IN ¼lb. CANISTERS*, 1s. 8d.;

ARCHER'S GOLDEN BIRDSEYE, 2oz. PACKET, 9D.

T. R. WITHECOMB,

32, VICTORIA STREET, MANCHESTER.


Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester — Saturday, July 29th, 1871.

CLARKE'S ORIENTAL INSECT POWDER.—Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Cockroaches and all other insects destroyed by this powder. Sold by most chemists in 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets.—Manufactured by JOHN T. CLARKE, BLOSSOM STREET, MANCHESTER.